

Into your Ark

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The material in this book was excerpted from the manuscript "Two Months of War" by the same author.

"And when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him, he said, 'All men will be sailors' . . ." (L. Cohen)

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Jerusalem - March - 1985

No doubt we are again living in one of those extraordinary periods of history.

Surely it is not the first time that there has been economic disorder and widespread violence with the promise of the imminent escalation of those and other manifestations of human greed and exaggeration.

However, things are different now, though the perception of the differences is relative to individual awareness of current realities. The essential difference is in the fact that man now is on the verge of both being totally destroyed psychologically through his uncritical absorption of lies and has set in motion processes that if not corrected will inevitably devastate the entire planet.

Since 1969, that is approximately fifteen years back from the time of this writing, having been freed from the necessity of earning a living and not being subject to any restrictive obligations I have had the opportunity of visiting many parts of the globe and indulging my curiosity in connection with 'what is going on", both in the automatic activities of man as he interacts in a variety of institutions as well as various efforts of a supposedly more conscious nature, that is, among those who through so-called educational, psychological, political or spiritual endeavors are devoted to the 'betterment of the situation'.

My conclusion, simply stated, is as follows:

1. Those who wish to maintain and/ or develop any reasonably acceptable sense of sanity must work consciously with this end always in mind.
2. One must be uncompromising in his relationship to his or her most essential sense of truth and justice, for only on this basis can he: a) receive increasingly clear

impressions and data that can contribute to the furthering of his aim and, b) be given the help and opportunities, whether directly or indirectly, that he wishes for and needs.

This collection of thoughts and reflections under the title 'Into Your Ark', for the most part excerpted from another manuscript entitled 'Two Months of War', is an attempt to share with like minded people a variety of views and conclusions which in some way may be useful to them. The publication and distribution of this material is also felt as an obligation, discharged with pleasure, in response to all the assistance I have personally received in my own pursuit of understanding.

I would like to make it perfectly clear that even though on occasion familiar or not so familiar 'technical' terms and expressions are used, I speak only from my personal experience. That is, I write only about that which I see or have seen, know or have known.

Much of the material in this book could be termed shocking and/ or harsh, for that I make no apology, as sanity, particularly in this day and age, will require a many sided and courageous look.

The writer wishes all readers good luck, good health and an adequate tolerance for pain.

i drove speedboats and sportscars
rode motorcycles and flew airplanes
lived in hiltons and the ashrams
stone houses and wood frames

i smoked rothmans and marlboro
marihuana and cocaine
worked on wall street and the village
knew the lovers and their pain

bible, hiroshima, ganges
and the lakes
himalayas, berlin. jerusalem,
tokyo, san francisco, london,
nashville, new york for god's sake

danced the fox trot and the hora
saw the family at the stake
seen the children curse the darkness
seen the adults manipulate

dressed in rags or dressed in riches
with a beard or shaven head
saw mental patients on the floor
screwed the nurses in their bed

saw the indians in oklahoma
and the others in bombay
been with women out for love
and the others out for pay

drank with lawyers and with soldiers
with doctors and with slaves
met with priests and educators
perfect ladies and their maids

saw the inside and the outside
of the wonders god had strewn
and wonder where it all might end
in glory or in ruin

What would be your last words, your last last words, spoken on the face of this, God's planet Earth. What would be your last words if in fact you were on the way out . . .

and

Tov, September 1982

And man is in the grip of overwhelming fear about just about everything.

What would be YOUR last words, my friend, your LAST words to those who are to remain, the survivors, let us say the children.

What would be your last words to those whom you love. Yes, yes, those whom you love! There are those whom you love, are there not? Well, well, well, what a question!

Why to those whom you love? Well, I guess one would really only want to say something to someone to, to, yes . . . why would anyone want to say anything to anyone, say, other than for self interest? That's the usual state of affairs is it not — 'say', to get? But here we talk of the person on the way out, who could not get anything in return from what they say. So why would they want to say anything?

They may want to say something from LOVE, maybe.

What would be the last thing you would say, say out of love? Something that would help.

Something that would help, ho, ho!

What would help? What WOULD help?

If you were on the way out you could afford to help, no?

Is there ANYTHING that could HELP?

G. said: 'Only a man who is constantly aware that he could die at any moment, and that anyone that he may be with may die at any moment, has a sane and real

relationship to life.'

He said something like that – and it's true, very TRUE,
true that anyone could die at any moment.

So ... let go ... let go ... let go.

Last words – LET GO!

going out
like a drop of water
through the universe

all is shed
and left behind
the trip has started
blind to time

as metamorphose change to bits
the weakened structure by its wits
and sends death's energy flying past
as the one

that seeks
the last

frightful in its turbulence
beauty in its permanence
terrible conversion
That takes us to the sea

SAY, what do you think about GOD . . . excuse me . . . do you really think that it all is just some strange and magnificent ACCIDENT . . . do you? All the beautiful bodies and the more or less fantastic minds, and all the plants and food that grows, and the children that 'come into the world' . . . yes, what do you think of the children — accident?

The truth of the matter is that in this day and age we don't have the time to think so very much. The giant machinery of society keeps us soooooo busy, so very busy that there is really no time to think about anything 'abstract'.

Yes, that's what they call questions like this, ABSTRACT . . . we really do not have very much time to think about things like that . . . forgive me for asking . . . tax forms must be filled in before . . . what's the date? . . . come on you must know, if you don't you may find yourself in big trouble, BIGGGGG TROUBLE . . . and the kids, which school should they be going to, and what the hell are they teaching them there anyway. . . no no no time for abstract questions . . . no no. Tell me, why is it that everyone seems to detest, yes detest, almost everyone else — WHY IS LIFE SUCH A PAIN IN THE ASS . . . WHY?

don't fight your fears or speculate
on how to dodge jealousy and hate
but try for once to visualise
the life of him that you despise

the truth that there can nothing be
outside yourself that you can see
that doesn't rest within your being
this so called outer thing you've seen

So if you know your brother well
you've seen yourself within his shell
and by this act eliminate
all the painful hurt and hate

Turn around, the voices of the ancients said — turn around and set a new course inward, a course inward, disengaged from the conflict and struggle that life has involved you in . . . conflict and struggle first of all with your fellow human beings . . . disengage and turn around and move inwards.

So the holy books try to help you, to direct your first few steps, first of all by directing your attention to positive emotions and away from the violent mind, the sense based and grasping mind, always looking outward, always fearful, always groping for security in the changing ephemeral physical world.

TURN AROUND, say the **HOLY BOOKS** — turn inward in love and letting go, towards the **ONE**, at the **INNERMOST CORE** of your being.

And the young girls and the not so young and the in fact quite matronly, twitter and twit when their love core is approached by the young men and the not so young and also by the very young barely out of 'nickers' . . . true feelings, beautiful feelings, love feelings with all the attending chemistry, the honest to goodness chemistry with warmed blood flowing just as it was meant to and various sensitive organs and skin areas alive and joyful and **LIVING** for a change.

And the bloody confusion, the confusion of old and new dreams, of lost hopes rekindled, hope, and the immediacy of love joy and the attending pain of all the memories triggered from the innumerable disappointments in the memory banks of the mind, the heart and the body . . . the curse of **THE EVERYTHING** turned into **THE NOTHING**, over and over again.

Is there such a thing as love sustained?

And, if so, how can it be with one being trying desperately to suck suck this love potion constantly from another single being . . . how is that possibly possible? The holding holding holding, and the fear the fear, the fear of the inevitable slipping away of the held and the drying up, the drying up of that which is grasped tightly and surrounded by the fear and choked off from all that nature or God or what ever

name one gives to the vastness of living truth, ever pulsating, changing, moving, that varied source of impressions and vibrations in color and sound, in the wind and a child's smile, in the working hand and the flight of a bird . . . now here, now there, but always now, and never to be predicted and never to be secured other than in that subtle flexibility that can only come with letting go and accepting the so-called good and the so-called bad, and free from the grasping and stupid hands of the frightened . . . the grasping hands that wish to hold things in a certain and specific space and specific relationship . . . to hold fixed and unmoving . . . which in fact is DEATH.

if you love me this they say
a debt you owe
that you must pay
for the lust we're sure to find
just a shade below the line

for the greed and for the fear
of anything that comes too near
to threatening the privilege
of first call on this sacrilege

love love you say
i love you so
can't live without you
you must know
now that should pinch
your little soul
and hold you in
a place we'll know
where to find you
when we see
we've slipped into our misery

that love is large

and love is grand
and takes in
nature god and man
sounds good in words and poetry
but where the hell
does it leave me

A curse on the stupidity of mankind, the stupidity and the horror of the results of their fear and violence. The right hand never knowing what the left hand is doing as the jet war planes flash off in a roar in one direction and on the ground ambulances coming from god knows where roar off with a screeching wang, wang, wang, in the other direction . . . a wang, wang, wang, we guess to warn the vehicles at ground level to be careful, to get out of the way . . . that's how it appears, except to anyone who knows the mentality of the drivers of these survivors of sick humanity who are getting their only kick in life and in fact need not rush at all, and in all probability are doing all kinds of harm to the patient inside, if in fact there is anyone inside, and also scaring the shit out of the poor doctor or intern in the back with his fine degrees from the university and driven crazy by the stupid 'jock from the streets' at the wheel.

Is it interesting all this talk of blood and guts, all this talk, talk, talk . . . as in the distance, the not very distant distance, within ear shot, within birds eye view if you were just up high enough, they are at this moment **DROPPING BOMBS OR ARTILLERY SHELLS**, and if we cannot quite see it we can sure as hell hear it, as life at this ground zero goes on as usual. As usual, people in their sleep and blindness making plans to send their children to the university, or just how to manage to get today's shopping done with the least possible strain to their physical organism . . . or the kids on the streets, bored and trying to figure out how to stop from going crazy with nothing to do, which in fact they in all probability will never find out and go on in life creating all this confusion on top of the confusion of those who passed before and continuing with the buildup of the same sad and violent bullshit until we all fall exhausted or mad or god forbid live on with enough energy to push the **BUTTON** and blow up the whole fucken planet.

What is it with a closed society, a closed circle intertwined with other closed circles . . . pockets of resistance, bastions of protection with armies of deceit and soldiers of lies. Fearful little and larger groups organized for physical survival and suffocating in psychological pollution.

CHOKO CHOKO CHOKO, AGHHHHHHHHHHHggggggg

Anyone for NOW, anyone WORKING?

And the sickness again — the sickness when the body sucks up all the energy and leaves the heart and mind to fend for themselves as best they can which at the best of times is woefully inadequate. And here we have a situation where thought and feeling function in the depths of dark ignorance with all people seeming to act with a demonic and parasitic disgust, dirty and selfish, critical and unsympathetic. The total grayness of the earth with its dead structures and institutions, the lazy animals drifting in dreams and captivity awaiting their slaughter with stupid patience. The boring repetitiveness of all activity as buildings and all that has been built at the hands of man is in the process of slow or fast but certain disintegration . . . the children cleaned and fed and pampered on their way to becoming the spoiled, selfish, greedy, sleepy and hateful adult creatures that continue to fill this Garden of Eden turned into hell so long ago and now on the verge of self-destruction.

So . . . the SICKNESS AGAIN when all that is dark and dirty all that is piss and shit stands out in giant relief with all the desperation and helplessness. Where have we all come to and where is there to go other than with the lies, the lies that we are all so busy criticizing in the other, all the lies, in a vain and desperate effort to collect collect collect and to find little or larger holes or edifices to store the loot and maybe keep ourselves warm at the same time, maybe, and maybe get a well formed body of the opposite sex convinced enough of our great and potential protection to share this crumby space with us as we dream our way towards death.

'THE SICKNESS AGAIN' . . . the bloody and truthful sickness.

A black day – the DAY OF THE SICKNESS,
maybe we should stop . . . STOP!

All you stupid pricks and assholes grasping and trying to hold everything you can get
your dirty and bloody little hands on . . . you stupid assholes.

MINE MINE MINE you keep calling as you push and shove your neighbor, your
friend that you use use use and your brother and sister that you cannot at the best
pretend to love . . . live on in your hatefulness . . . LIVE ON.

Your armies kill for you.
Your parents save for you.
Your children cry and are ashamed for you.

LIVE ON LIVE ON!

the hemorrhoid of humanity
hanging from a slit
the hemorrhoid of humanity
bleeding in the shit

the hemorrhoid of humanity
crying in its pain
expanding in self pity
embarrassed with its stain

Do you want or not – taken (most often) on basis of social positioning (i.e. not to be
left out or passed over). Whether or not one needs, the real essence of the matter,
is most often never gotten to.

Ego (personality) vs. real need . . . need to take or need to give, confused, starting
from child / sibling / parent syndromes. If one gives up something, there's the fear
that it might turn into a habit.

Personality needs vs. essence(ial) needs . . . the ability to give up what in fact is not needed. Watch habit and personality (unreal 'needs') in relationships.

They know not the past, not the future . . . only what they can see, what they can hold, only that which can be turned into cash . . . not their brother, not their sister, not their neighbor and not in fact what they would like to call their friend. They know not their heart and not their thought. They seek, seek, seek and then they seek again for a father, a father to tell, to help, to protect. All that claim this role can have their obedience for longer or shorter periods, until life exposes the myth or sickness or death intervenes.

Fear, fear, and more fear until all love and understanding have been driven out . . . no space left, no space, never any peace never never, only increasing fear and then the VIOLENCE . . . and in fact the death of all that is subtle, intelligent and human—GONE.

And from where will a sense of security come for those who for so many years have been seeking a firm and solid love, a relationship to something consistent, be it a mate or an institution or a family . . . people moving now for so many years in a subtle and practically unconscious fear of anything or anyone that seems to threaten their hold or approach to that which they seek to have and to hold. The 'seekers after security' some under the illusion that that is the same as 'seekers after truth'. Society has produced scared rabbits, seeking with the violent mind to control the ebb and flow of life, an ebb and flow rooted in love at all levels of materiality and being . . . the scared rabbits would like to organize and control all of this . . . well well well! Always love and competition, love and competition . . . always one spoonful of medicine with one spoonful of poison, and the resulting convulsions, just this side of death, that everyone calls life.

And the young people drift in and out of old dreams, dreams from where, nobody knows. A piece of parental fantasy, an old original sexual urge combined willy-nilly within Hollywood's dramas and the center spread of Playboy magazine . . . dreams of

country life with chickens and horses, kitchen gardens and golden sunsets.

And just what will tomorrow bring
 and who is there to know
 and who can hear our stories
 where will the wind next blow.
 So say the gentle children
 and who is there to hear
 and who is there to know.
 The new age of robots and computers
 the new age of Inner Knowledge and Being —
 a choice.

This morning we awake in a softness of uncertain origin. Through the open glass wall at the end of our double sized room there drifts a soft grey sweetness, the result of this winter's first rains. One practically jumps from the joy being reflected from the totality of nature, its parched earth drenched after so many months of beating from the hot mid-eastern sun, here in the stone swept hills of the Galilee.

Oh, a breath of moist air, like a vast and light dew drop; the slight scent of the giant eucalyptus trees overhanging the terrace at the end of the room.

All the trees and all the parched grass and all the earth rejoicing, softly, cautiously, in a steady and soft downpour.

Hallelujah!

Differentiated Individuals exist in your imagination by virtue of your expectation of getting something from them (material or pain relief). Anything you want more of or repeated, feeds the 'devil'.

And **ONLY** devils TALK — each saying 'be careful, maybe I'm the one that is god'. But that can **NEVER BE** as only the devil talks your tongue.

All messages of the devil are identifiable by their underlining assumption that what happens in time has value. In fact, only that which moves a person **INWARD** towards **ESSENCE** has lasting value.

Societies sell **FEAR**... all saying...

'If you don't fear the gutter, you'll end in the gutter.'

Shopping, fucking and preparing for the next war; a war that in fact has been going on and on non stop for ever and ever, now here, now there and (only) covered up with those constant sexual fantasies and general fear of life's vicissitudes, with only the occasional respite of the occasional orgasm or the occasional financial success or the occasional explosion of negative emotions, and for the rare few the smile of a child, if one can manage to forget the child's probable future.

Don't blame everyone else,

blame yourself.

Nothing could be as it is
without your agreement.

This country with the multiple diseases of war, economic disorder and collapsed idealism to name just the more obvious confusions is running on a fine line just this side of hysteria and worse. Momentum and little else keeps things in some kind of motion as tomorrow has been canceled, the one bit of news that the newspapers have been careful not to print. The frustration and anguish is written on almost every face for those with still enough focus and calm to see such things. The basis of any tolerable flow in the affairs of man within society which must be based, at least to some minimum degree, on compassion, love and understanding of our

common humanity, has been horrendously undermined by the fearful, manipulating and violent politicians, business men, warriors, as well as the so-called educationalists, religionists.

... truly the AGE OF THE FLOOD.

The most horrifying and obvious manifestation of the bubbling madness is within the cornerstone of society, that is the family, where tensions between man and wife and between parent and child is at its most sick and violent extreme, not without its logic as this is the closest of human contacts where the illusion of understanding becomes most obvious and all the broken promises of governments and institutions are most immediately and prominently felt.

It appears that only a major calamity of total world dimensions with a complete disintegration of society as we know it today can massively shake man into some realization of his oneness with Nature and the Universe, based in a loving and intelligent ONENESS, called GOD, and approachable by man only by a single minded effort also based exclusively on INTELLIGENCE BASED ON LOVE . . . words that have always been like whistling in the dark, but will become as clear as clear can be in the aftermath of total calamity about to descend on the world . . . it will become clearer than clear to those who survive and who survive with their sanity . . . and we expect those to be precious few . . . the future doctors and nurses of the mad(ened) physical survivors of planet earth, run by madmen.

Ah yes, the 'question' of your parents, or my parents, or anyone's parents . . . shall we be brave and jump into this arena, into this, what seems to be almost always and when it's not then someone is lying . . . into this agonizing and confusing and in fact, for reasons few realize, CENTRAL question. Why central? Because parents and the whole immediate family that you came from, but most specifically the parents, are THE representative, the very embodiment of your elemental picture and sense of society, and therefore your picture of yourself in the world. Whether you like or liked your parents or not, whether you agreed with your parents or not, whether you think or thought you loved or hated one or other of your parents, or not — whatever

your relationship, conscious or unconscious, to your parents— they represented and continue to represent, dead or alive, in agreement or conflict, your first and foremost SENSE OF SOCIETY and the realities of social interaction . . . the multi-faceted, multi-media, multi-colored and constant interaction of people with all that is verbal, emotional and physical, both acted out and in imagination. Your parents are the starting reference point, and one way or another they are reflected back to CONTINUALLY as you pace yourselves through life. No one can understand himself and his possibilities within society without 'understanding his parents'.

But as a starting point and this is the most important point, no one can really understand his parents without first having an understanding of just what society is in the most comprehensive sense. And that my friend is no small order, not a small thing at all to understand just what goes to make up society and what keeps it functioning as a society, and how it connects and relates to our individual imagination — how it relates to our imagination ABOUT EVERYTHING. And within that and at its very core, are our PARENTS. They are the starting point of all the rest. In a way nothing could be more obvious. On the other hand this whole issue is so painful and confused at an emotional level, so deep that our 'thinking' can not reach such a depth. That's one of the problems. To know what society is in a total and comprehensive picture would include all the 'thinking pieces' necessary to tackle the parent question at its deepest emotional point or place in you. You must first get to know society, **FIRSTHAND**.

Just what is this thing that we call society, that we say has at its core, that is in our individual psychology, our individual picture of the world, our individual imagination, has at its core 'these people' we call our parents. What keeps people organized and functioning in **FIXED PATTERNS** called **SOCIETY**? The fixed patterns are, by the way, kept in place by the **LAWS** of that society. Societies have laws, in most cases written laws where the most basic or what is considered the most important elements of stability are recorded, and in one way or another **POLICED**! You see, society takes its make-up very seriously and as many pieces as possible are codified and recorded in writing . . . and the rest follows from that.

What are the **LAWS** trying to hold together, for better or for worse, intelligently or otherwise — what **ARE** the laws trying to hold together? We as individuals

struggle both for a sense of IDENTITY and a sense of SANITY within a society and its laws and assumptions . . . this is our field of activity and the arena where we 'find ourselves', or not. It seems so cold and fixed, this 'thing' society with its laws, that it is somehow hard to conceive and remember that the sense of our own family, or more particularly our parents, which is such an emotional issue . . . it is hard to conceive and remember or even sometimes believe that these parents are functioning in the middle, at the CORE, of this living and in fact quite emotional in itself, though held together by COLD and unemotional law, society!

SOCIETY, it would appear, seeks to perpetuate itself in a continuous and recognizable form by means of law and the occasional adjustment of law . . . and LAW, it would appear, is to FORCE people, individual people, to perform in life AGAINST THEIR WILL . . . no? If one wished or willed to do something there would be no need to force them to do it 'according to the law', now would there?

So it appears that society would like us, even insists, that we behave / perform in ways that we may not always want to. The assumption and the justification being that if everyone did 'exactly as they pleased', society would suffer, or worse would disintegrate . . . and the assumption, I guess, that society is 'good' for 'the people', even essential for the continuation of a tolerable existence, or even essential it might follow, to HUMAN EXISTENCE ITSELF.

So, in order for individual man to 'exist' he must conform to laws and get this, he MAY NOT DO WHAT HE LIKES. And that in a nutshell is what society is in its most essential aspect! And within this society which tells you that you may NOT do as you like – we find our parents.

Looking at all of this from a PSYCHOLOGICAL point of view, it would appear that our parents may, just may, be very frustrated people . . . these people, our parents, that we are trying to get a 'bearing on' . . . to understand . . . these parents of ours are not allowed to do as they wish, as society and its laws tell them in no uncertain manner that THEY CANNOT BE TRUSTED .

Now, if they, our parents, are of the ordinary, that is 'normal' cut of society they have never really thought or seriously worked this out, as they have not thought

about or 'worked out' anything 'serious', but that does not at all change the facts, and most particularly the fact that they are not free to do as they wish and that they, as a result, **MUST BE FRUSTRATED AND RESENTFUL!**

This is not a political manifesto so we will not, at least at this time, get into the question of whether or not society based on law, or which law, is essential or whether there are alternatives. We see however that being forced to conform to man made laws, to be forced to do **ANYTHING**, is not something that people like. In the effort to understand our parents and our relationship to them we must recognize that we are dealing with **PEOPLE UNDER DURESS** . . . that is people who are not allowed to do as they please . . . and that these are the very same people who, at the start of our lives, begin to **TELL US** what we can and cannot do!

The frustrated and restricted are our first **EDUCATORS**, and with the full weight of society behind them, whether or not they can or care to draw upon this as a justification for their suggestions or orders to us in the name of 'what is possible' or 'what is allowed' in life.

Can frustrated and restricted people be intelligent? Is the society that has formed them intelligent? Can we, merely in conforming or struggling against them, and going no further, be intelligent? And how in hell are we going to move towards a resolution of our deeply, **DEEPLY** perplexing question of our relationship with our parents if we are not **MOST INTELLIGENT?**

Are we born bad and destructive, what they call evil? Society, with all its laws and controls, has and continues to **KILL MILLIONS OF PEOPLE** . . . it kills other **LAW CONFORMING** people. Is that more or less evil than the evil individual people are capable of? Is it more important to obey the law, or to be intelligent? Can one conform to man made laws and still be intelligent? What is intelligence good for? **WHY INTELLIGENCE?** Is it better not to think? Is there any hope? Has anyone before us approached these questions with success?

CAN WE BE SUCCESSFUL IN OUR LIFE?

Our parents are mad. 'Mad' means both angry, and crazy. Angry means a state of negative emotions. Crazy means insane, **INSANE**.

Angry, mad, crazy, negative, insane – whatever they really mean, are sure as hell not intelligent.

Our parents, under the restrictions of man made laws, are forbidden to 'do as they wish'. With free will taken away from them, no matter the reason, are frustrated and ANGRY and therefore, OUR PARENTS ARE MAD!

You got that? Can there be any doubt? Have they ever thought anything out fully, intelligently and to a sane conclusion? Do you realize that these people that you have been struggling with or listening to all your life (even in your head when they are not there) . . . do you realize that these people, your parents that you are so EMOTIONALLY mixed up with . . . are mad? Can you explain anything to a mad person. Can you relate consistently, intelligently, sanely with a mad person, can you? What can you LEARN from a mad person, other than madness?

I tell you, no one who has not recognized the depth and seriousness of this, the fact of the madness of their parents, has a chance in hell to understand society . . . that is the other mad people who are constantly yelling in their ears . . . not have a chance of getting their own show on the road and begin to work, themselves, towards SANITY.

'Cause YOU TOO my friend, being brought up by mad people, mad parents, mad school teachers and mad politicians, also are mad . . . although if you manage to see a little of all the madness that has proceeded you, you might have a chance to correct the matter in yourself, maybe!

Otherwise you will continue to perpetrate the 'sins of the fathers to the umpteenth generation'.

Can we reverse all this mad bullshit, at least individually?

there was mama, papa too
they said
my child
it's all for you
you're so delicate and true

it's up to us to see you through
we'll take care
of all your needs
after all you're from our seed
against the rough and real world
stick with us and you're assured
of futures very bright and sunny
and then of course there's all that money
in our common bank account
on us - you can always count

then in time
we had to see
these lovely people
could never be
responsible
for their own sweet lives
like swarms of bees
without a hive
they struggled
just to keep alive
and all the promises
they made
were worthless shit
they never paid

If that which you are trying to remember is not your-Self,
you are inevitably chasing the past.

Were we to leave the world now right now, where would we expect to go? Where
would we expect to find ourselves? Nowhere else . . . as there is nowhere else . . . only
more awareness of what is . . . unrestricted or less restricted perception, of that

which IS.

Faced with the limitations of both speech and perception in the present state we now attempt to focus out, out in some kind of expanded conception calling upon that within us with the possible capacity for conception or even perception bypassing the veil and limitations of the senses and usual organs of perception or at least non-identified and thus less stuck to patterns and habits of these faculties . . . a 'letting go'.

Man, a part of organic life, and thus a transforming station for energies between heaven and earth . . . with his physical body of that same materiality as earth . . . has the possibility with special efforts of forming SECOND BODY (Psychological Body) within the physical . . . a special transformation of energies, a kind of 'cheat' on nature . . . a possibility when within the physical body. As such life on earth is a SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY — one has the transforming mechanism, the BODY!

Work is against life, against the 'normal' flow of things . . . the 'normal' flow of energies in man being, in fact, the continual and automatic manufacture of negative emotions (negative energy) . . . the result of egoistic, that is narrow, non-connected, so-called selfish but in fact stupid and non-productive attitudes of the thinking mind . . . and always as a 'something' in struggle and conflict with 'everything else'.

So the energies within us are usually totally expended in the 'struggle in life' . . . which is, in fact, hardly more than a constant positioning of the physical organism here or there in the hope of either more comfort or safety . . . or a concern of how we are seen by others . . . that is, respected, valued, listened to etc. All of these strivings within our limited views and imagination and completely TRANSITORY . . . that is changing and dissolving and as practical as attempting to grasp and hold water in one's fist.

We have been told, it seems throughout time, that man has an alternative, a choice. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven', 'This world is a vestibule, PREPARE yourselves to enter the house', 'Thy Will be done'. Different traditions, different Ways — but always a WAY.

THE WAY OF LOVE— what in fact would be a non-reactive posture in life and thus a STRUGGLE and thus the HEAT required for the transformation of energy into more refined energy — with the possibility of living within a totally different level of Intelligence and Being.

Well, a way of love. Now doesn't that sound just lovely! But average man, no matter how good his intentions, is very far from the possibility of any consistent love and even far from any approach to it . . . very far. The totality of life's influences and the totality of what he 'knows' are a giant heap of non-sense and obstruction to a loving relationship to everything. And it is EVERYTHING, that is in question. Man's negativity is not 'just' negativity, and his imagination is not 'just' imagination, but rather factors deeply rooted in him and strongly supported by almost everything around him. And thus the NEED of a WAY, which if a true way will be a means of contending with all the obstructions, both current and historical. The real game is for high stakes — the alternative is certain disaster and disintegration into nothingness.

And for our lovely minds that want to know and understand everything in advance, we have an interesting dilemma. He who really Works can never know in advance exactly what he will get . . . however he who does NOT Work can know exactly what the results will be . . . the evidence abounds!

can you love a black man
can you love a jew

can you love an alley cat
can you love me too

can you love the flowers
can you love the sun

can you love your enemy
when he's got you on the run

The social and thinking animal! The INDIVIDUAL . . . in the family, the institution, the state, the alliance. Of course we have been told and told that man is a social animal, with an implication that how and with whom he associates is of importance. Importance to whom, and just where should be the emphasis . . . that is where should man's focus or center of identity be . . . and other questions of importance bearing on the potential of man, and the confusion brought about from stale habits of thinking, or lack of thinking, or coercion, conscious or otherwise by family, institutions, states or other organizations. What useful consideration of questions such as these is possible?

Why a fixed and contractualized association with others as individuals or in groups? And if yes, then to what end, for what purpose? And then, what are the effects of some associations on other groupings . . . i.e. if family is important, how does relationship to the state effect, support or restrict the primary relationship?

In the midst of any group activity, and the farther you are from its beginning, and thus less and less clear or remembering of your original aims, as life's realities (second force) are ever more present and intermingled with the original intent . . . and with the advanced movement of the whole operation into increased confusion, vagueness and a collection of lies (conscious or otherwise) inevitably perpetrated with the explaining or coercion of others as you attempt to maintain a justification for the whole operation . . . and then the maintenance of the organization merely for the sake of keeping the people involved occupied as this is already their one and only world picture and a collapse of that particular organization would be the equivalent of death for them.

How activities in groups tend to take on a life and momentum of their own with the interests of the activity itself, or of the organization, taking over and proving to be quite mindless from the point of view of the individuals involved, and might in fact have caused a real hypnosis that renders an intelligent re-evaluation of the situation impossible for those individuals.

phuuuuuuuuuuuu!

So, man is a social animal . . . but which man, and with which aims, and with what potential . . . and just what social activity, to what end, and with what risks and / or sacrifices?

Ah!

Also, man the 'thinking animal' . . . another unconsciously accepted wisdom of the ages seldom calling forth some kind of intelligent questions . . . the 'why, what and how' of the matter.

Okay then, we are social animals, and we are thinking animals. But certainly those facts would be but the starting point in any useful thinking on the subject of the human condition.

Now wait a minute . . . let's not accept so quickly these two notions . . . that is that man is a social animal and a thinking animal . . . not so quickly. Let's first of all check just what we mean by the words 'social' and 'thinking', and then see if we agree . . . and then, what could be done with those facts, that is, where to go to from there!

Social animal — from one angle man is certainly a social animal as seen by his multiple entanglements within love affairs, families, fraternal and professional associations of all kinds, political groupings and states. But we have seen and know that these activities are most often mindless as there is seldom any comprehensive thinking behind it and even where there was, say, a clear formulation of aims, that usually waters down progressively and ends with a general hypnosis of individuals.

We see that we humans have tendencies and potential for social / group activities and are thus labeled as a 'social animal' — but that intelligence, in terms of comprehensive picturing, evaluation, consideration of aims, restrictions, risks, alternatives, side effects, re-valuation, auditing, and other such useful use of the thinking mind, seldom get exercised.

We don't think very well, say to be not only social animals but social animals with an AIM. That is, as individuals. We start this consideration first of all as individuals and therefore must always return to the individual point of view, potentials, wishes

and possibilities of success . . . always back to the INDIVIDUAL.

Thinking animal — of course man is a thinking animal, he has a 'thinking mind'. But we all know that this instrument has been singularly unsuccessful in serving him both as an individual and in social / organized bodies. His thinking has not helped him to reach any solid, safe or comfortable relationship with life in its totality. Man has for the most part given up on this hope and relegated all his efforts to compromise aims of relative comfort, relative health and relative sanity . . . a kind of holding action against life, and a grand hope of not getting hit in the head too strongly.

Lovely!

Commitment: a word with incredible weight within 'serious society' — that is a 'serious family', a 'serious institution', a 'serious political entity' — commitment!

In any relationship, someone is demanding commitment from you. And just what is this 'commitment', and what are the implications of this commitment?

Another angle — we say, that 'one is committed' or that 'one commits himself' to an Insane Asylum . . . and what does it mean to be committed to such an institution other than putting yourself in the hands or being placed in the hands of this institution, and GIVING UP your will into the hands of those in charge, whoever 'they' may be, and even with a 'changing they', day staff, night staff and revolving administration . . . give up your WILL into the hands of those who 'know better'.

And I say, that the word 'commitment' has within it the definite implication of giving up or bending of one's OWN WILL to the institution, set of principles, set of laws, a formulated code of morality — for the family, for the state, for the people, for an ambition, for a love, for a friend. In fact, a commitment can only be an obsession . . . that is . . . a PARTICULAR FOCUS out of the totality and continual changing realities of the life condition.

Commitment is a promise, projected into the future; a fixed line of one sort or

another, that is meant to overcome a 'change of heart', as well as forgetfulness.

Do you wish to be committed?

What would you like to be committed to?

Why would anyone want to be committed?

Well, first of all it would seem that after the 'act' of commitment one is freed from the necessity of making a new effort in the area of what is commonly known as UNDERSTANDING. That is, freed from the necessity of continually and anew re-evaluating ones position in life by that rather difficult and most often impossibly confusing activity of ... THINKING and FEELING.

Anyone or any group that takes upon itself the presumption of decision making ... is ready to demand your commitment. And you, my friend, in abnegating your decision making faculties effectively and unquestionably thereby make yourself a SLAVE. And so we become slaves to our wives and husbands, slaves to our families, slaves to our business or professions and slaves to our societies and states. And of course a man 'sells himself into slavery' out of FEAR ... the fear of taking responsibility for himself or more particularly the fear of taking responsibility for his own thinking, feeling and actions ... and responsibility for the consequences. Our slavery though most often VOLUNTARY and PSYCHOLOGICAL ... is as real and confining and debilitating and humiliating and perverse as any real jail with its high walls and barred windows. All the faculties and organs of the individual man are then at the disposal of the 'institution', with a tendency to function on its behalf, without consideration of his individual interests or potentialities.

Sold into slavery!

The alternative which is individual responsibility is by no means simple or easy — but within it is the possibility of real FREEDOM.

And the dogs bark, but the caravan moves on.

'I walk along the street of sorrow, the boulevard of broken dreams.'

Each moving in his own theater, his one and only picture or combination of pictures of the life reality with its accumulation of experiences and verbalized cliches justifying all actions and re-actions to itself and to others.

He who has the lead is he who has the strongest dream — that is he who is most compulsive in running towards something, or away from something.

'Join me on my trip, my excursion, my merry-go-round' is the plea of mankind — the activity, any activity, creates some friction, and thus some heat, and thus some light, however small the circle of activity.

Anxiety / fear is the common denominator of all group dreams — and with in fact VERY LITTLE friction (held in check), heat (dissipated in small explosions), or light (the dream dissolvent).

**'I walk along the street of sorrow
the boulevard
of broken dreams.'**

don't go drowning in your dream
no matter what it be
it may appear so vital
makes no difference can't you see

some have to do with family
some with glory some with pride
others want to change the world
others want a bride

funny things have happened
with the friends that i have known
some were fighting for the people
some were for the throne

some were praising allah
 some were fighting jews
 some were working with a plan
 some awaiting clues
 Seen men of good will on the left
 seen some upon the right
 some were building campuses
 others set alight

so don't go drowning in your dreams
 no matter what they be

Get a step above them
 to a place where you can see

'A cynic is worse than a fool.
 The fool lacks insight but has faith;
 the cynic lacks both,
 though his cloak of impudence
 covers this emptiness.'

(Dagobert D. Runes)

We hear now quite a bit about sexual freedom.

SEXUAL FREEDOM:

Sexual, okay, we all know what that is.
 Freedom . . . well,
 first of all, freedom is
 having a yes AND a no!

If a person must or must not do something, anything, then they have no freedom. As

easy and as clean and as clear as that. If you **MUST** do something then you have lost your 'no', and if you **MUST NOT** do something then you have lost your 'yes'. And that's it, in either case you've **LOST YOUR FREEDOM**.

So, sexual freedom is first of all not 'laissez-faire' but rather the ability to move towards or away from any sexual deed, imagination or manipulation . . . just as freedom in any area of life would include the ability of moving towards, or away, from any particular thing or situation.

It sounds so easy, but it is not. So don't get too upset.

Freedom in the comprehensive sense we now take it requires a 'stabilizing factor' that can only be a specific **AIM** that overrides any act or activity, causing any individual act or manifestation to be purposeful **WHETHER OR NOT** that act is completed.

FREEDOM (in any area) must have a sustained **YES** and **NO**!

AIM — is an enormous subject. And any aim that does not take in one's **TOTAL LIFE SPAN** would in fact be a small aim. (Yes, an enormous question.)

THE DESIRE MIND — that 'thinking' / dreaming that takes place in connection with pleasure and pain. That which deals with the wanting and the not wanting. That which causes the general emotional state and vibrational reverberations represented by the word **FEAR**.

The *Desire Mind* that is connected to the emotions in a vague and blind and nervous state called *fear* — small fears and large fears. That mind, because of its cloudiness, functions almost totally automatically, and is in fact **DREAMING**.

The *Desire Mind* — the **DREAMING MIND**!

The **SEX** act — that which gives or has given and therefore within the imagination continues to suggest the potential for the 'highest pleasure' creates the most intense, compulsive and **HYPNOTIZING** dreams(s)s).

The acts (sexual) that take place at that magic level
 more or less ... but with minimum awareness
 are then for the most part forgotten
 and most often
 LIED ABOUT.

THE
 GREAT
 SPOILER!

Sexual fidelity is not the issue—LIES are the issue! Lies are inevitable, because of the inability of the emotions (only sometimes) and the thinking mind (never) to relate to the high and in fact TRANSCENDENTAL potential and sometimes actual level of the act—the SEXUAL ACT.

And you, LITTLE GIRLS

Wake UP, and stop waiting for daddy or some substitute 'daddy' to take care of you. That's dependence and slavery, and is an added stupidity ... added that is to all the other uselessness, so-called 'self-interest' but in fact worrying, struggling, anguished and non-profitable 'thinking' that we have been talking about.

THINK PROPERLY LITTLE GIRL and stop taking yourself as a little second class and dependent child. You are not ... you need not be, not at all.

Learn to think little girl and learn to love and learn to take responsibility for yourself as a FULL HUMAN BEING.

You are
 little girl

YOU ARE!

And you

LITTLE MAN (even angry little man)

Why do you continually search for a 'mommy' to hold your hand as you walk across the streets called desire, warmth, food and order?

There is other and more satisfying desire. There is other and deeper warmth. There is other and more nourishing food. There is a wider and more total order.

You little man can be a REAL MAN . . . you can, and take responsibility for yourself and your thinking and not the lying responsibility for all those things and people that, in vain, you take as YOURS . . . and ONLY yours.

Be BIG, you little man, be a
REAL MAN.

(you'll be dead-d-d-d- soonn!)

And you, you dear, dear

PARENTS

Stop worrying about the children. It's as useless as all the other worrying that you indulge in – USELESS.

And until you can stop worrying and start LOVING, until then, you have nothing real to give or teach your children. And in the meantime, you can more than safely LEAVE THEM ALONE – at least they know how to have fun.

Parents, parents . . . practice your love on others, those whom you cannot consider YOURS. Then you might be in a position to do something REAL for your children.

REAL RESPONSIBILITY takes a very WIDE effort.

Good luck!

And you
TEACHERS.....Wellllllllll!

What a HABIT, you got!

And you DOCTORS....

Remember, remember, remember — REMEMBER when you were little and your PICTURE of a doctor was someone who was there to give HELP and LOVING CARE, LOVING CARE, LOVING CARE, LOVING CARE.

R E M E M B E R ?

And YOU
LAWYERS.....

you 3*#&% "&#%\$" @&&"%#\$\$\$\$ damn \$\$\$ charming masturbators of the mind .
... you frustrated chess and backgammon tinker-toys.
And just what did YOU train your minds... For?

So, you SEE the idiocy of everyone ... the clients, the police, the judges, your family and your friends.

Sooooooooo? So now what?
Tell me,
do you feel... RESPECTED... yet?

Well, anyway, I'll bet you would know how to answer your father, now.

And you SHOPKEEPERS

CAN YOU stop short-changing
in your dreams at night — can you?

And, and, and . . . YOU

MR. BUSINESS MAN

Hello!

I'd like to work up at least a little heat in the few words that I'll have to say about you, but I don't know if I can manage it, 'cause I was or am (however these things work) ONE OF YOU, and you know, you get to be a little, well, sentimental about what you were, or were CALLED. Guess what, by some I am now called a poet . . . no shit. WHY ? Well, I've been writing quite a few things in the past few years, in rhyme . . . like, well today for instance, I wrote:

'What are the things
that you've got or done
better than your neighbor
or the next one?'

Little things like that . . . and now called poet by some . . . okay!

Oh shit man . . . let's stop beating around the bush. YOU move from day to day doing your best — you **Business Man**. That's what 'they' now call you — 'business man', whether you sell shoe-laces or manufacture airplanes. Calling you business man is like saying 'everything is up'. But alright, let them love you or hate you with that label — what can it cost you?

Oh, excuse me Sir, Mr. Business Man . . . but, if you've got a moment, maybe you'd LIKE to hear what THEY say about you. (sticks and stones can break my bones but

words can never hurt me).

Well . . .

Smoke?

'Ya, I've given it up a hundred times. Why not close the door and have the girl hold calls. 'Ya only live once, right . . . so you might as well know.

By the way, did you ever buy gold when they unfroze it at \$30.00 an ounce? Can you imagine, only ten or twelve years ago and only \$30.00 and then up to \$900.00 and then down and then up again. Well, that's REAL business, no? And those god damn South Africans made such a bundle that they were able to cut their taxes to practically nothing. Can you imagine, NO TAXES ? Well, they had better start working on that other 'unavoidable', Death — that is before the bloody Blacks come pouring out of their gold mines and asking for some kind of explanation. Do you understand it?

No coffee, no, thanks very much.

The stuffed up

the choked up

the clogged up

the puffed up

The hangers-on of the un-herded sheep . . . never any consistent starting point or relationship to any point in their thinking and as a result no thinking longer than a few painful seconds and then smack into a blank wall and then a bounce into a new emotional turmoil triggering new possibilities of struggle with the same non-chance of resolution. A pain in the ass ping-pong game, resounding reverberations of scattered pieces and bits of garbage, worthless and with no chance of leading to anything other than increased confusion . . . broken and bent arrows, over-strung and brittle bows, flipping and slipping targets with the resulting carnage at the hands of friend and foe alike. Over the hot coals of hell in frantic fleeing from the spikes and whips of faceless and dissolving devils.

And all the big men, with 'the little woman' . . . oh yes, the little woman, the little woman to protect . . . the false and lying 'responsibility' towards the little woman, and then all the excuses for the insensitivity and suspicion towards all the others . . . all the others, those who could 'never understand' . . . the others that can now be stolen from and manipulated in the name of the little woman.

All the big men with their little women as they close the door on the 'others' and on life and learning and growing. Horror of horrors, death of deaths, get me my gun, get me my stick and allow me to protect my 'holy unit' of decomposing life and intelligence, the miscarriages of the human experiment.

in the belly of the devil
 as the vomit of a spy
 as jonah in the whale
 as the catcher in the rye
 as the nubian guard of arabian sheiks
 as the babylon whore separating her cheeks

as the king's tax collector
 as the pimp on his beat
 as the greedy dog catcher
 as the bitches in heat
 as the guard in the jail house
 as a cop on the take
 for country or family
 we'll outdo the snake !

And just why should we write, and what demands do we make on the 'thinking mind' . . . and just exactly what is it POSSIBLE to gain by the exercise of this particular organ whose material is pictures of the past but whose expression is a thin and linear string of words? What do we want from the mind – and **WHAT CAN THE**

MIND DO OR GIVE US ?

The world that we are born into . . . the level of being (the level of functioning) of the people around us at birth and for the most part thereafter, believe or rather take for granted that words, talk or more impressively the written word does or at least can explain something, i.e. be useful. Useful for what or explain what is never defined other than perhaps in connection with the survival, protection or comfort of the physical organism, the body. But nothing that man has done, planned or organized has in fact done anything real in that regard. Each man, rich or poor, smart or stupid continues to be a victim of random sickness, accident, death, war and violence from each and every direction. He has devised artificial hearts and heart transplants in an effort to overcome this great disease / killer but is dying in droves from cancer. He manufactures bigger and more effective guns for his self protection but is subject to more physical violence than ever before in history and now with the ever present possibility of immediate and total destruction.

'Thinking' , in defiance of all the propoganda, has NOT made man free of the random possibilities of disaster to his physical organism, his body . . . no, no, no.

The thinking mind has not made man safe or healthy!

Then, back to THE question — why and for what the THINKING MIND ?

The 'thinking mind' that unthinkingly thinks it can effect safety and protection, lies to itself and to others starting from this very issue, and thereby destroys or damages the emotional life of itself and others to which it sells its false aims and hopes. The thinking mind in average or what we call 'normal man' , starting from these very illusions, becomes little else than a LYING MACHINE.

Can things be different? Is there another way? Can men or individual man become sane? Is there 'right thinking'? Could there be USEFUL THINKING, and if so, just what would that be?

So, we now come back to the question of use and meaning of any particular WORD, for words are the 'things' we use so flippantly to do our thinking with. Words, strung

together in sentences, adding up to what we call thoughts or concepts; attempts to understand something ourselves or to communicate something to 'someone else'.

Do we know the MEANING of the words we use, the individual words, do we? Or is all habit, repetition, imitation and ASSUMED UNDERSTANDING? I say, we pretend we understand what we say, pretend we know what we mean, and in fact what we do is little more than lying – all lies, lies, lies, with the resulting violence, frustration and SICKNESS.

Can we stop doing that? Can we stop thinking . . . can we think in a new way? A NEW WAY!

type and weather
stars and health
blood and diet
sunshine - wealth

art and children
peace or war
race and sex
wife or whore

giver - taker
lover - thief
pilot baker
joy or grief

older - younger
ugly - fine
sweet or toxic
yours or mine

Let the mind discriminate
judging cause and its effect
if you haven't yet gone crazy

sure as hell it's what comes next

City, country
stoned or straight
filled with love
or racked with hate

horses - cars
kites or planes
forest paths
or seedy lanes

suits or toga
hair short or long
make some money
sing a song

save your family
ribe or race
love your neighbor
win a race

love your children
parents too
in your spare
time have a screw

be christian or a moslem
hindu or a jew
don't you see it's all your choice
it seems they all want you

Want you to join the party
want you to join the cause
want you to save the fuck'n world

don't want you to pause
 pause to see the foolishness
 in their packaging devise
 pause to see that what is bad
 only yesterday was nice

let the mind discriminate
 judging cause and its effect
 if you haven't yet gone crazy
 sure as hell it's what comes next

And here we have a thin slice of what G. had called 'The Terror of the Situation.'

What to call it? As if it matters! Man's slavery? ... and if so 'slavery' ... does that imply the possibility of FREEDOM. And just what would that be?

Man's 'commitment' to family, to state, to religion, to ideals, to fear, a life of running or hiding or saving—prudence. The children that one wants to put the 'hope of the future' into. The buildup of a personality composed of bits and pieces of random wisdom, hearsay, conclusions from semi-conscious experiences, reverberations of mother and father's 'good' and 'bad' — a mish mash of vague hopes and the terror of fears. A slavery to the impossible web of confused thinking and bruised emotions — a totality of what one calls 'his life', in a constant struggle with what one calls 'the world' — an ever growing and speeding-up mess.

Who can contradict the immensity of the terror of the situation by the time he has reached his fiftieth year in life, honest or dishonest man, no difference. Who can make an argument against this reality?

Is this the basis of a rational and intelligent argument for suicide, or, or WHAT? Give up the mind? Give up the justifications and explanations — and 'hand oneself over' — to what?

'Secretes' to the SERIOUS

The world that we live in, this life, this world, contains both THIS world and the NEXT. Now, whatever could that mean? Well my friend, it means the differences between life and death.

Our 'normal' life, with all the buildup of confusion and pain and a growing blindness is, in fact, as death in comparison with another level of functioning possible for us, here, human beings. Heaven on earth is a possibility, and the only real challenge for an intelligent man or woman who has come to see the terror of the situation in the usual state of affairs of man both in society and individually. It involves rising above the imagination, and thus transcending all the violence, pain and confusion. These, a few short sentences and a few small words, very roughly indicating another LEVEL OF BEING attainable by us, humans, assuming the foresight and power to work for this specific end.

That there are other factors or requirements for a successful effort, is without doubt – however this very possibility is the one and only sane justification for any man to get out of bed in the morning.

I moved from school to the next
with counterclaims about some text
of each one selling what he's got
he seeks for naught he finds he's bought
another package of what seems
some bits and pieces of a dream

so there it is, another twist
of sense perception in a mist
another picture on a screen
e n o u g h - it makes you want to scream

Can't we step back
to firmer ground

and watch the rest
go round and round

to know the difference
when we touch
a rock

Or just some foaming slush

Listen to me, hear how intelligent I am.
Listen to me, you see that I do exist . . . I DO.
Listen to me, listen to me, LISTEN TO ME!

And this is all we in fact hear out of the voices of the children. A desperate attempt to receive recognition of their existence. An existence, that in fact is a fact, but a fact that no one else appears ready to acknowledge. Well, maybe in principle . . . but your perceptions man, your perceptions! How you see things. HOW YOU SEE THINGS!

Listen to me, listen to me, listen to me . . . see how I see things, see how I see things, SEE HOW I SEE THINGS, SEE HOW SEE.

Now, if you don't see things as I see things, and it seems pretty clear that you DON'T see things as I see things soooo . . . and if he doesn't see things as I see things, and also doesn't see things as you see things, so . . . it seems that neither I nor you nor he sees things in the same way, well then.

Now, why do you suppose there is violence in the world, why do you suppose there is violence in families, violence in 'love affairs', violence in the streets, violence between nations? Why do you suppose, WHY?

Listen to me, you see that I do exist—I DO!

THE FIFTH DIMENSION

ETERNITY is the
second dimension of time
and its direction is outwards
from the cleansed heart

Love is eternal (EVERlasting)
in relation to the first dimension of time

The first dimension of time (the fourth dimension)
is the line of time from past through present to
future.

Eternity is
the second dimension of time
and its essence is emotion
which moves in depth,
at right angles to the first time line
(past / present / future)

The plane of emotion
is as wide as the conscious first line of time
and as deep as the intensity of emotion

Love, being the purest / strongest / deepest emotion
and the ONE true emotion
draws all lines of eternity to one point
turning the plane into a triangle

Behind / within / at the core
of any and all emotion — is love

The straighter / cleaner / purer the emotion
the closer it is to true love

and all such straight lines
lead to one point — God

Now we talk a little about the modern head doctors, the 'shrinks', the psychiatrists, or what I would now call the 'nothing makes any difference doctors', or the 'how you see it is as good as the next person's view, doctors', or the 'it's not much but it's the best we've got, doctors', or the 'everything's crazy but you'd better adjust, doctors'. The establishment-certified priests of the mind and emotions.

And as people get just what they deserve in the way of politicians, it appears they too get what they deserve in their men of medicine, including their head doctors. How they get to deserve what they deserve is another matter, in fact they deserve better, but by the time they have to make their 'own choice' they have become so muddled and befuddled that they end off grabbing at whatever is available with their limited power and inability of distinction.

Talk, talk, the 'doctors' implore . . . and they talk and they talk and they talk.

How people get sidetracked in this main concern . . . of 'how to be happy' . . . by focusing on what they consider the main obstacles, either social or psychological . . . and of course there are a multitude of these and a flood of written words and discussions on ways and means of overcoming the obstacles. And that goes on and on through life and history, through arguments and through wars and through ideologies and religions. Is there one final thing that could make a man happy? One last thing, ONE FINAL THING that he could DO to stop all the continuous trying and useless bullshit and waste of energy that has been going on for ever and ever?

Is there one thing to be done?

Being HAPPY is a STATE OF MIND.

One man says, 'I am happy when I am drunk.'

One man says, 'I am happy when I am with a beautiful woman.'

One man says, 'I am happy when my family is safe.'

One man says, 'I am happy when I sky dive.'

All men say, 'I am happy when my MIND IS AT REST.'

Happy is a state of mind . . . a state of mind when the mind is at rest . . . that is what happiness is . . . and that is what we would like to be able to DO ! We would like to be able to put our minds at rest, to be happy, no?

A 'mind at rest' is a mind that has STOPPED. The turning and twisting and thinking mind is the son of a bitch enemy.

And just what is it turning and twisting and thinking about? Well, of course, how to be HAPPY. How do you like THAT? Something like a snake eating his own tail, no?

And so my friends, let's stop the complaining and struggling with this, that and the next thing or the next person . . . and at least realize and direct our attention to THE problem . . . which is the MIND . . . and how to stop it, stop it, stop it. Because when you stop it, you are HAPPY . . . and that's what you WANT, no?

NOW

You spiritual climbers.

You Hari Hari Krishnas.

Born again Christians.

Torah true Jews.

Moslem Fundamentalists — Sufis — Zen meditators — Maharishi-nicks —

EST'ers — Moonies — Imen'nicks — Gurdjieff'nicks — Spiritualists —

Scientologists — Universalists — 'cultists' all.

Welllllllllll?

and— ALL MEN OF GOOD WILL !

The AGE OF THE FLOOD is here seeeee?

The time of the 'ingathering'.

The Tower of Babel has fallen and the pieces are hitting the ground . . . hearrrrrr?

Keep your eyes and your hearts open, and recognize your brothers and sisters, and SHARE.

GOD IS ONE, so do be careful, touch lightly —

and HOLD ON TIGHT.

in heaven
there ain't no jews
there ain't no christians too
no moslems buddhists hindus sikhs
there could be me and you

even that is doubtful
as god is one in us
when we reach his resting place
there's only him
just just !

Too late for Teachings, too late for recriminations, too late even for any more so-called history to be written . . . the flood is a torrent and a washout . . . these days passing in a slow, steady and low visibility drizzle, a numbness of body, mind and soul. Too late for plans and too late for change. Only love, repentance and compassion will save individual man from complete madness, with the possibility of an incredible bonus in the form of REALIZATION . . . the complete transcendence from the violence and suffering.

The low visibility drizzle has been superseded by dense and heavy low barometric pressure . . . all indications of a coming storm . . . social, military, or internal psychological, individual . . . unpredictable.

People becoming rapidly more aware of their helplessness in the face of the

speeded up disintegration of pieces and bits of inner pictures of communal functioning— in the face of random and no longer relevant institutions and values in the outer world.

Little psychic energy left to hold together ever more complex and fading pictures and a growing sense of PANIC as one slides towards the psychological abyss.

People being spun head long into the darkness. The pressures are close to intolerable for Mr. Average Man... in this, the last month of the year, 1982.

Into your ark, my friend

INTO YOUR ARK!